Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buc. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings* how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If hē be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtris *Shore*, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the coore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had caſt his helme:
Beſides he ſayes, there are two counſels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His Honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flye the Boare before the Boare purſue vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? doeſt thou meane the
Cat. I my good Lord. (Crowne?
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
Ere I will ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: (ders,
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward